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"Sir," sternly said the horse-faced gent. "I denounce the present fashions in women's garb as immodest, scandalous and unhealthful! I declare that a great deal of the literature of today is harmful to the youth of the land! I repudiate the dance as a device of the devil! I—"

"And in return, sir," snarled J. Fuller Gloom, "I denounce the average flap-mouthed goody-good as utterly useless and unutterably tiresome, and demand that he go to the devil and stay there!"—Kansas City Star.

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More and more these days people are turning to the old, familiar remedies for bodily ailments. In herbs and roots, Nature has given man a veritable storehouse of health-giving properties.

Lincoln Bitters, a compound of the finest of these herbs and roots, is one of the best family remedies known today.

It is an appetizer, laxative, regulator, stomach, liver and bowel tonic, and reacts favorably on cases of indigestion, dyspepsia and intestinal disorders.

It's wonderful tonic and alternative properties make it effective in the case of a weakened, run-down system.

Use Nature's methods in keeping your body fit. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Lincoln Bitters. There is a money-back coupon on every package.

**Lincoln Bitters**  
The Old and Famous  
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### "COMPLETELY DISCOURAGED"

In the feeling and plaint of women who are "run-down" so low that work drags, head aches, back aches, dragging down feelings, dizzy, pale, weak, "everything goes wrong." See what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Preparation has done for more than a million women in the last fifty years. What it has done for others it can do for you.

Gary, Ind.—A couple of years ago I began suffering with weakness, nervousness, I had severe backaches, became very weak and nervous, could not eat or sleep well. I doctored but did not get better under the treatment. At last I began taking the "Favorite Preparation" and it made a well woman of me in less than six months. I was stronger than I ever have been. —MRS. S. A. D. H. WEIKEL, 837 Penn St.

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### ABSORBINE

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness caused by a Sprain, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting book Book 2 R Free. **ABSORBINE**, the antiseptic liniment, is made in Sweden. Gales, or Muscles. Heals Cuts, Sores, Burns, etc. \$1.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book "Absorbine" free. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 20 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

### WANTED

Large corporation desires to get in touch with representative business man or woman to act as Resident Director. Attractive salary. Small investment required. Address, giving references: William B. Thorne, Dorchester, Broadway at 71st St., New York.

### Skin Troubles

Soothed With Cuticura Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

### Baby Coughs

require treatment with a remedy that cures without opiate. Piso's is mild but effective, pleasant to take. Ask your druggist for **PISO'S**



### II. RESIGNATION—Continued.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, but I do. It was just before noon. I was in my room, alone, wondering—trying to think things out some way. And suddenly—there's no explaining—I knew it had happened. It was nothing like a dream: I haven't the remotest idea how or where they were married. I only know they were. He studied her closely, detecting no trace of hysteria in her manner. There were melancholy shadows beneath her eyes, but the eyes themselves were calm, clear and direct.

"Tell me as nearly as you can . . ."

She overcame a reluctance. "I slept well enough, after you left last night, heavily but without dreams that I remember: but I woke up with a sense of strain, a tension of nerves, as if subconsciously waiting for something to happen. It got worse as the morning wore on, though I fought it as hard as I knew how, and I had a feeling of suppressed excitement, too. And then—as I say—about noon, the tension snapped. Without the least warning it was gone, there was nothing left, just emptiness—you know—desolation. And after a little time of that, peace of a sort: the feeling one has when something terribly important that's been a long time hanging fire is at last settled, even if it's a settled disappointment. So I knew—I—the least suspicion of a tremor crept into her voice—"it was over and done with, they were married, the thing was finished."

"Werent you glad?"

"In a way, yes. I had a sense of happiness, but it wasn't pure, it didn't rise in me, it was her happiness I was sharing. Then even that left me, nothing remained, only the forlorn loneliness, Philip . . . as if I'd lost something I could never regain. I presume I have. Somehow I've got a notion I shall never see Leonora again, even in my dreams. Do you think it's possible I'll never dream again—that way?"

"I hope so, 'Cilla—with all my heart."

She sat very still for a time, gaze downcast to the hands that held her tunic.

"I suppose I hope so, too," she said faintly.

### III. MOTHER O'MORE.

"Two got news," Fosdick offered. Priscilla looked up sharply, under knitting brows. "Though, I imagine from what you've told me, it will seem less news than confirmation—in a way." He was quick to satisfy her movement of impatience: "There's every reason to believe Leonora spent last night, after the fire, at the Walpole, and Mario called for her there this morning, about ten o'clock, with a motorcar. He had a Japanese chauffeur and another woman with him, presumably a maid. Apparently the man has means of his own."

"He has, I think. But how do you know all this?"

"I had a man, a private detective, make the rounds of the hotels, first thing this morning, on the off-chance that Mario had acted on his suggestion, if you remembered it correctly, of putting Leonora up for the night at the best and quietest place in town."

"You employed a detective, Philip?"

"After your promise."

"Hold on, 'Cilla! I promised I wouldn't go near police headquarters or let the truth leak out about what happened at Rector's. And I was better than my word. In the beginning I slithered for you all on my own—spent the better part of three days snooping around the lower East side in a shop suit, unshaven, my nails in mourning, till I got what I was after, established indisputably the fact that your dreams were true telesthetic visions clairvoyant—whatever you care to call them—anything but hallucinations of a disordered mind. More than that, I proved that Leonora was as real a creature as you are, not a sort of secondary personality you'd be projecting more or less involuntarily into phases of life utterly outside your comprehension and experience."

"I know, Philip. She leaned forward to touch his hand in gratitude. 'Don't think me unappreciative. If you only knew what it means to have my heart lighter than air!'"

"Then I don't think you ought to complain if I turn over routine investigation work to a private detective, a man of absolute discretion who is not in the police department, who hasn't even heard your name, who thinks I'm interested in this Leonora for reasons purely personal to myself."

"I don't complain, Philip. I was surprised, and at first didn't understand. You see—I presume I'm too much Leonora or she's too much me—but I can't somehow help sharing her feelings. She was wretchedly afraid the police might send her to the electric chair on information they'd got through her—"

"They'll never do that now," Philip interrupted. "Carnehan is dead. The girl uttered it with a something between pity and thanksgiving, and sank back, staring. 'Yes. His body was found in the ruins of the tenement house this morning. Bielinsky, who was arrested fleeing the flames, identified the remains. . . . So that fear passes, 'Cilla.'"

She rested her head wearily against the back of the chair and shut her eyes. "So that fear passes," she repeated in a whisper. A little shiver ran up her spine. "Can't think it's wrong of me to be glad?"

"It isn't. It's only human."

"But a death so frightful—"

"Don't think about that, think how good it is that you—Leonora need no longer fear death at every turning."

"Do you suppose she knows?"

"It's in all the evening papers. She must learn of it sooner or later, wherever she is."

"When—then your man didn't find out where they went from the Walpole?"

"No. But the presumption is, they went either to Jersey or Connecticut to get married, as people do when they want to avoid publicity. I fancy they'd

do that, to leave no clue for Carnehan—not knowing there was no more necessity."

"Then nothing stands between her and her happiness." "Almost imperceptibly the muscles round mouth and eyes tightened in pain. So did her hands tighten convulsively on the arms of the chair. Then with a start the girl sat up, smiling a smile of uncertain apology, shaking her head vigorously as if to rid it of a tormenting swarm of thoughts. "There can't be any mistake, I suppose . . . You're sure it was Leonora who stopped at the Walpole?"

"Not sure, but satisfied. She answered the description, and though she registered under what sounds like an assumed name, 'Nora O'More—'"

"Yes," Priscilla interrupted quickly; "she'd be likely to use that name."

"Why?"

"Because . . . why because . . . I don't quite know. She laughed a little at herself, and sobered into momentary thoughtfulness, her eyes clouding with mental effort. Then they cleared. "Of course O'More was the name of the old woman Leonora lived with, and Mother O'More, the neighbors called her. I'd forgotten till you jogged my memory."

"Mother O'More," Fosdick repeated: "possibly a clue. If you've no objection, I'll set Andrews, my detective, to work on it. It can't be so long ago as you say, you and Leonora—old enough—you'd think somebody in that part of town would remember an elderly woman who practised fortune telling with cards, no doubt a bit of a neighborhood character, called Mother O'More. If we can find out what became of her, or even where and how she lived when alive . . ."

"I suppose all that and more that we want to know is buried in my subconsciousness! . . . Don't you think it might be worth while to try to stimulate my latent memories by hypnotism, perhaps?"

Fosdick stubbornly opposed that. "Only as a last resort. I'm frankly distrustful of the psychic effect on you, if we excite your subliminal con-

sciousness by too much nagging. Far better let your subconscious slumber—far better you should forget rather than remember too much!"

"Yes," she assented uncertainly, and nodded with wistful eyes. "I want to forget I can, as quickly as I can."

"You must. You must try. It would be a good thing if you never dreamed again of Leonora."

"But one can't control one's dreams!"

"I'm not so sure. I believe it might be done. I can help a little, I think—but really it all rests with you."

"I suppose so . . . I was puzzled, intent. 'But what to do?'"

"It's a matter of will power simply. You can do it if you will, but you must want to heart and soul."

Her face was at once dark and thought and flushed with hope—beyond all telling sweet.

"But I do, Philip—I want so much to forget, more than you know. I want so much to think there's nothing strange about me any more, I'm just a normal human being like any other girl. I want never to think again of that terrible night."

"She caught herself up in confusion and did not complete the thought. More subdued, she continued: 'I promise faithfully to do all I can, whatever you think best.'"

"Well, as I say, it's all up to you. You've got to make yourself mistress of your own mind, make it think what you want it to think and forget and disregard everything else, no matter how insistently it may claim attention. Keep yourself constantly occupied, constantly doing and going, keep every minute filled. Paint every day till you're tired out; but don't stop then. When you've worked till you feel ready to drop, play till you can't think, and then as you drift off to sleep fix your thoughts steadfastly on something like your work. On no account permit yourself to drowse off wondering about Leonora."

"My work will help," she agreed. "I'm so glad you want me to keep on. Then you think there's no more danger—in the studio—associations—?"

"Not since this afternoon," he said smiling. "The portrait is no longer there."

"My portrait gone?" Distress vibrated in her voice. "What has become of it?"

"Harkness has it," Fosdick laughed, pleased by her bewilderment and at the same time apprehensive of the effect of his confession. "You see, you left the studio key on your dressing table last night; I saw it there and borrowed it. This afternoon I took Harkness to see the portrait, and he was so enthusiastic—it's really fine work, you know—he insisted on carting it off with him then and there."

Did you ever hear of a man's getting married for the purpose of having some one read poetry to him?

Inasmuch as that was precise.

I wanted, I let him have his way, no use, 'Cilla. I had to get that thing out of your way, and if I had waited for your permission it might have meant weeks of delay. Now that the portrait's disposed of, you may use the studio as freely as you like. . . . Which reminds me: here's the key."

She took it from him brusquely, at once annoyed and gratified, her face slightly flushed with the one emotion, her eyes luminous with the other.

"I like your impudence!"

"We strive to please."

Divided between anger and mirth, she compromised by giving free rein to both, so that resentment was swiftly swept away in laughter.

"Philip, you are incorrigible!"

"I have to be, to get my own way."

### IV. AFFINITY.

The girl suffered atrociously at first. But nobody knew; or Philip Fosdick alone suspected something of what she was going through. He could not know all, for even to him she said little or nothing, and went sweetly through her days with a high head and eyes of lying calm. But he was sick with sympathy for her, and so in some measure quick with intuition.

He helped her more than she knew, indeed, for he contrived to devote to her more time than a physician had any right to, with so many patients leaning heavily on him for comfort.

And though he refused to experiment with obvious forms of hypnotism such as mesmeric gestures and the induced trance, he worked insidiously upon her by suggestion, not so much at the expense of her spiritual independence as to its re-establishment and invigoration. It was never, "You must, for it is my will!" but always, "You can if you will!"—though far more subtly. . . .

Thus gradually self-confidence was built up in her anew, she began to perceive the truth, like a light dim at the far end of a tunnel, that nothing mundane transcends the power of the informed, self-regulated and applied will, that not even the mortal ache of longing can withstand it. So vaguely she began to apprehend a coming time when, instead of flying from her sorrow, she might be to a state more unhappy yet, she would be able to face it, even to outface it unafraid, its master and her own.

However, that was only toward the end. . . .

Meanwhile she was faithful to her word, faithfully regulated her life in accordance with the scheme suggested by Fosdick. She started a portrait of Ada Moyer and worked at it steadily every morning, and in amazingly few sittings managed to make the painted canvas body forth the implied character of that lady, her irritable gay impudence. This in spite of the fact that Ada posed poorly and pervaded the studio with an atmosphere of infectious irresponsibility that was most demoralizing to a serious-minded artist—and did Priscilla no end of good.

In the afternoon she labored more soberly but no less successfully upon a composition employing two professional models, a mother and daughter—painting famously well, with a decision new in her work, with a dashing technique whose secrets she had never suspected and whose manipulation proved an abiding joy.

In between there were luncheons at Avignon, Del's, the Ritz, with the women of her world, and others with professional workers like herself in dining, among little holes of restaurants with which the part of Greenwich Village immediately adjacent to her studio was riddled. And after the light faded there were teas, motoring and bridge parties, dinner, the theater, dances. . . .

Alike the woman and to play she gave herself without reserve, entering with unvoiced animation (though nobody thought it feverish) into whatever diversion the hour offered. And if at times there was an undertone of sadness in her laughter, shadowed wistfulness in her eyes, weariness in her gesture, she was the first to note and swift to dissemble. So that none remarked any change in her, more than an access of loveliness and charm at once elusive and insistent, and she was more than ever sought after, courted, wooed. A dozen conquests were added to her score in that too brief fall. But she seemed altogether unaware of them, save as friends, and moved sedately among them, adoringly pretty, tantalizingly desirable, exasperatingly detached. In the days she found all men and loved none . . . none but one . . .

Not Philip Fosdick.

With herself she was honest and unpretending: if Mario was never for her, she was for no one else.

She was patient in confidence of ultimate emancipation. Already she had gained much. The question of her sanity no longer harassed her. More: she had ceased to dream of Leonora.

Or rather, she no longer remembered what she dreamed. She wakened every morning from a night whose dream content she could not recall.

At all. She was far from satisfied, however, that she had ceased to dream. It seemed to her that she had ceased merely to remember. For in spite of the cessation of her dreaming the sense of the liaison persisted; never had she been so near Leonora.

More intimately a sharer in her psychic life.

Now and again there would come without warning, without any encouragement of conscious wish or thought, a feeling of identity with that other, of understanding, of personal participation in Leonora's happiness, her brought a strange exaltation of spirit, paradoxically akin to that happiness which she refused her. And at such times she would experience indefinite, teasing glimpses into Leonora's present circumstances—glimpses no sooner granted than snatched away, of a life half known, half foreign, like a stir of shadow shapes in the depths of the dark mirror of her unconscious mind. (TO BE CONTINUED)

**Japs Hold Fuji Sacred.**

It is the name of Japan's most famous mountain, and, writes the Japanese correspondent of the London Morning Post, no Japanese knows anything of himself until he has made some effort to ascend its sacred heights. To climb Fuji is a religious duty to most Japanese, while only a pleasure to some and a boast to others.

Its graceful cone, like an inverted fan, is so familiar to all admirers of Japanese art that it needs no description here. But in Japan every mountain has a spirit; and the spirit of a beautiful or awe-inspiring mountain is to be strictly respected.

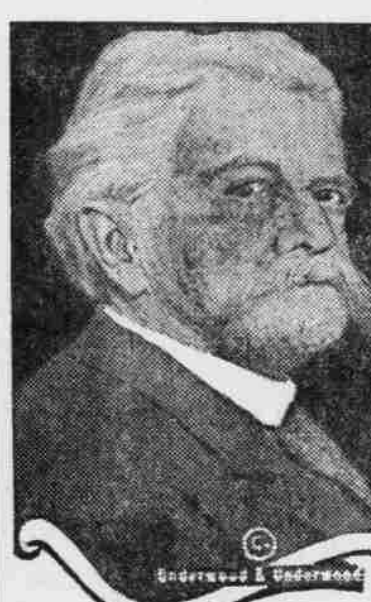
Did you ever hear of a man's getting married for the purpose of having some one read poetry to him?

## Here Are the Makers of the Income Blank



Do you want to kick about your income tax blank? Here is the committee responsible for the blank. They are now meeting in Washington to revise and seek simplification in the forms. The number of forms needed this year will require 50 carloads, containing 1,500,000 pounds of paper, valued at \$350,000. Left to right: David W. Peil, H. C. Armstrong, Z. M. Smith, secretary, Oliver Kinsel, chairman, John G. Remy and H. C. Weston.

### OUR OLDEST STUDENT



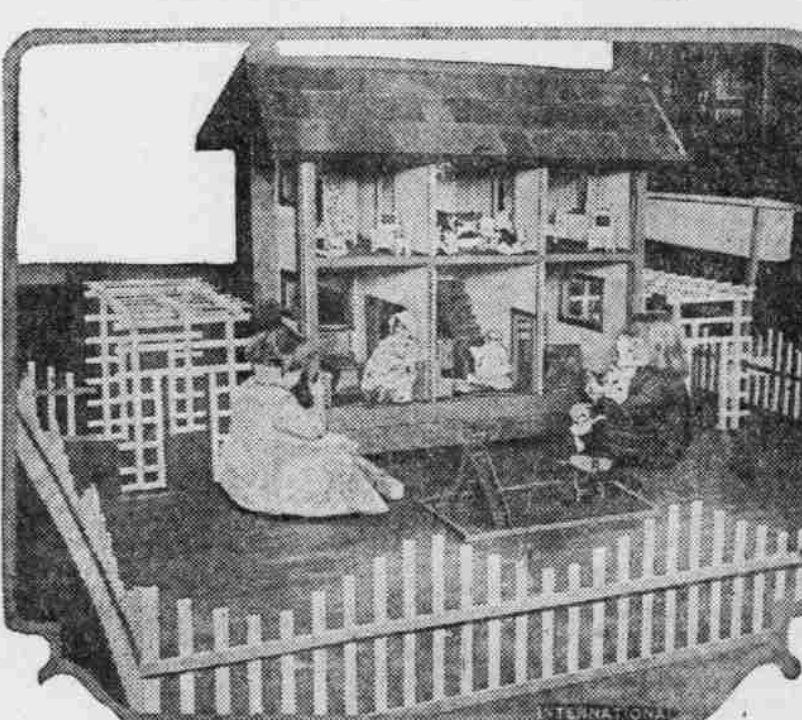
Maj. C. Thurston Greene, seventy-eight years old, who won his title and lost a leg in the Civil war, is believed to be the oldest student in the country. The major, who can remember the stirring events of '61-'65 and who cannot remember recent events so well, is trying to rebuild his memory at the Bronx Y. M. C. A. evening school. As a former service man, he received a scholarship in memory training when he applied.

### New York's New Town Hall Opened



This regular town hall, designed as a public forum, has been officially opened in New York city with a public meeting, under the auspices of the League for Political Education. Henry W. Taft, chairman of the board of trustees, said the intention was to make the town hall a later Faneuil hall, a modern Roman forum, to be open to all law-abiding citizens. The town hall is situated on West Forty-third street.

### Finest Doll House in Chicago



This remarkably fine doll house belongs to the kindergarten children of the Alexander Graham Bell school in Chicago. The boys in the sixth grade and the deaf blind built the house, and the little ones themselves made the draperies and rugs.

### MOVING ENTIRE CITY



The gigantic task of moving an entire city is slowly nearing completion in Minnesota. The city of Hibbing, which had reached 10,000 population, with substantial brick buildings and a street car line, is being moved to a new site to permit the mining of rich deposits of iron ore upon which it stands. The photograph shows a three-story hotel being moved on steel tractor rollers to New Hibbing.

### Sewing Machines.

About 60,000,000 feet of lumber are used annually in the manufacture of sewing machines. Oaks and red gum supply nearly two-thirds of the lumber, and yellow poplar and black walnut each a little more than one-eighth, the remainder being made up of tulip, chestnut, cottonwood, maple, basswood, birch, sycamore, mahogany, yellow pine and redwood. Tops of sewing machines are usually made of hardwood veneers such as oak or walnut, or of other woods stained to imitate mahogany.

### Galosh Not Modern Footwear.

The modern galosh is but the grandchild of a long line of sturdy struts ancestors from the boots of Captain Kidd down. The boot-wearing fever got so bad in England once that Parliament had to be petitioned to restrict the making of boots. "The merchant and mechanic walk in boots," so read the complaint and "many of our clergy in shoes and galoshes. University scholars maintain the fashion likewise. Attorneys, lawyers, clerks, serving men, all delight in this wasteful wantonness."

### Bad Luck to Owe Money.

The halibut fishermen of the Pacific have a reputation for honesty. They invariably pay all their bills before starting on a fishing expedition. They regard it as bad luck to leave any unpaid accounts behind. These men do not work for wages. They pay all expenses for their equipment and then share the proceeds of the trip.

### Spiritual Alarm Clocks.

Ministers like alarm clocks, get most of their abuse for doing their duty.—Kansas City Star.

### How Police Dog Catches a Robber



Fritz, considered the champion police dog of the world, now the property of the New York police department, demonstrating at the police dog house near Sheephead Bay, Long Island, how he seizes the feet of a robber and holds him until officials arrive.

### Music in the Bath.

At the hotel (Akita prefecture, Japan) on going to the bath, I found a remainder being made up of ti-pelo, chestnut, cottonwood, maple, basswood, birch, sycamore, mahogany, yellow pine and redwood. Tops of sewing machines are usually made of hardwood veneers such as oak or walnut, or of other woods stained to imitate mahogany.

### Integrity First of All.

Integrity is the first step to true greatness. Men love to praise, but are slow to practice it—to maintain it in high places costs self-denial; in all places it is liable to opposition, but its end is glorious, and the universe will yet do it homage.—C. Simmons.

### Skin Thick on Palms.

Among other interesting facts that have been determined by the tireless investigating scientists is this: That the skin on the palm of the hand is normally 20 times as thick as the skin on the eyelids. The palms of the workman are even thicker.

### Meet on Common Level.

There is one field in which the wise man and the fool meet on a common level. That is when they fall in love and take their pens in hand.—Oregon Journal.

### A Tough Beard.

A woman stated at Westminster the other day that her husband, saying he was going to have a shave, left the house six months ago and had not returned.—London Daily Mail.

### Monks Used Charcoal.

Use of charcoal in Italy has always been very heavy because of its almost universal use for cooking and heating, says the American Forestry Magazine. At Vallombrosa a large quantity had always been made, even in the time of the monks during the middle ages. Prior to the war this forest alone produced annually about 220,000 pounds of charcoal.

### Mark of Bondage.

Little Paul, visiting his cousins on the farm, had been taken down to see the pigs. Noticing several had rings in their noses, he said to his big brother: "Say, Bill, those pigs must be married, 'cause they're wearing rings."—Chicago American.

### First Printed Book.

A Latin Bible, printed by Gutenberg and Fast at Mentz in 1455, is the earliest known printed book. A copy of this book is now in the British museum at London.

### A Hair Problem.

On the average head there are a thousand hairs to each square inch. Find out the number of square inches in your scalp and you will soon know the approximate number of hairs on it, that is, if you have a normal head of hair.

### Success at Last.

"Ah!" said the golfer, who was standing, as the tee gave way beneath him, "at last I have developed a perfect follow through."—Boston Transcript.

## AFTER 7 YEARS OF POOR HEALTH, TAKES HYPO-COD

In Just a Few Weeks This Gentleman of Seventy Feels 100% Better.

"My husband, seventy years old, for several years has been in very poor health. He had something like bronchial trouble, a bad cough and for the last year he just couldn't eat anything except light foods and had become so nervous he just couldn't rest at night. The last few months he had been confined to the house not able to get out," declared a lady whose name and address is given below.

"He had been treated by doctors and taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine and I am glad to say he found the right thing when he